

# HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

## Central Park Visitor Said He Saw a Goat Smoke

NEW YORK.—Bob Hurton, assistant keeper of the zoo in Central park, was entering the lion house the other afternoon when a young man staggered across the walk and leaned against him for support.



"What's the trouble?" Hurton asked.

"I think I have seen something. I should have a doctor," the agitated visitor said.

The young man explained then that, unless he had been the victim of an illusion, Hurton was needed behind the animal house.

"Have the elephants broken loose?" Hurton asked.

"No," the visitor said. "But I think I saw a goat smoking a cigar."

"That's nothing," said Snyder. "You remember in 1910 the case of the weeping grampus?"

But Bob had fled.

## Substitute for Young Bride Fined for Forgery

NEWPORT, R. I.—If Hattie Belmar of this city ever gets another chance to act as a substitute for a blushing bride who is too young to get a marriage license it is more than likely that before accepting the position she will demand to be introduced to the real bride. It is not by any means certain that she will take the job at all, but if the bride is so constructed that Miss Belmar's clothes do not fit her she will have to look elsewhere for a substitute, for Miss Belmar won't even discuss the proposal. As a matter of fact, she was sent to jail.

When Albert E. Evans, a cook at the naval station, decided to marry Alfreda Gilmund and told her so he was looking into her eyes. When he considered her from afar and noted her size and youthful appearance he felt that there was no chance of getting a license to marry. She is only seventeen and doesn't show her age. So he spoke to Hattie Belmar about it, and she said she would gladly get a license to be used by the youthful bride.

They got it. Albert thanked Hattie and married Alfreda.

Alfreda's parents were amazed and went to Rev. Arthur Crane, who had performed the ceremony, to demand an explanation. All that he knew was that there had been a license and everything looked all right.

Then the parents moved on the city hall. The city clerk, with argument, said that he had never given a license to any seventeen-year-old girl and would like to see her. Alfreda, the bride, got the clothes of Hattie, the substitute, to deceive the city clerk.

The bride is short, the substitute is tall, and the clothes looked as if they had been thrown on the bride from an upper window.

City clerk wise; parents angry; police alert; bridegroom garrulous; substitute arrested.

When Miss Belmar was arraigned in court, charged with forging the license, she was fined \$15, with costs of \$2.60. She remarked that she considered that sum as a very tidy one and had no idea where she could get it handily. So the bridegroom went calling on friends to make up enough to smooth over the entire wedding.

## Birmingham Will Aid "Spooners" in the Parks

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—All embargoes heretofore maintained against "spooning" in the public parks of this city have been lifted, and so long as the habit is confined to legitimate lovemaking, whether it be done in the dark or under the shadow of the electric lights, there is to be no police interference.



For several years young men and women have been complaining that their courting privileges were unreasonably restricted, and many protests were lodged with the city commission against the police.

Judge A. O. Lane, commissioner of public justice, determined to change the regulations. He declares that the city will offer every protection and encouragement to "legitimate spooning" in the parks this summer.

"Legitimate spooning," he means lovemaking. Every engaged and courting couple will be allowed the use of the parks.

The police are instructed to watch the parks and see that real lovers are not interfered with. Orders are given to stop all really questionable conduct.

Commissioner of Streets and Parks Weatherly says plenty of benches will be provided in the parks. He declares the city has no right to regulate love affairs, and his department of streets and parks will pursue the policy of "hands off" from these delicate and sacred matters.

Mrs. Wilson Searight, head of the welfare department that protects and assists young girls, believes the new policy of protecting lovers is all right in principle, and she will do her part to help them.

## "Honesty the Best Policy" Brought Into Play

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The old slogan, "Honesty is the best policy," was brought into play the other night at the union station when a pocketbook containing \$520 was found by a young man, who said he was formerly a bell boy in a St. Louis hotel.

The owner of the pocketbook proved to be a wealthy cattle owner of Oklahoma City, who refused to give his name.

According to the bellhop, he had arrived from Chicago on an evening train, and not knowing the city, had stopped in the station to inquire the location of a hotel when he espied the pocketbook under a bench. After examining it and finding the large amount of money and one of the ranchman's cards, he began to call out the name which the card bore.

At the first call the cattle owner responded and grew very excited when he discovered his loss, explaining that he was on his way to Buffalo to be married.

The bellhop then presented the pocketbook to its owner, and after the ranchman had satisfied himself that the contents were all there he proceeded to give the finder a five-cent lead pencil and a lecture that "Honesty is the best policy."

"Huh," observed the boy as the cattleman made his way to a train, "it's a hard, hard world."

His Objection. Mrs. Hankins (after morning service)—Why didn't you like the new rector?

Hankins—I don't think the man is sincere. The idea of choosing the Golden Rule for his text, and then preaching to us for more than two hours.—Puck.

## We Got You, Madam.

Mrs. Kowler—So you've a grown-up son in New York. Is he doing well there?

Mrs. Blunderby—My boy is doing splendid. He's working in the office of an artichoke, a man who draws houses, you know.—Boston Evening Transcript.

## NOTHING ELSE TO DO

By AMELIA COHEN.

Miss Pearlle Patterson dabbled at her forehead with a wadded handkerchief and ran her finger around the collar of her blouse in an irritated way.

"Gee!" she breathed to the stenographer from across the hall who had brought her lunch over to Miss Patterson's office, where there was a breeze. "This weather is fierce! This is the sort of thing that makes me hate to work for a living. I want to put dynamite bombs under all the hammocks wherein swing languid ladies in lace frocks reading the latest thriller and getting away with bonbons while father or husband does the tolling down town! Yes, I do!"

"Why, I never heard you talk so!" cried the stenographer from across the hall. "You've always been perfectly contented!"

"The best of us have our off days," said Miss Patterson gloomily. "When it gets to be 110 in the shade I generally abandon my noble theories and become a lady anarchist! Just as soon as it gets cool you will find me back at the old stand preaching patience, contentment and contempt for the idle rich!"

"Even now," went on Miss Patterson, "with the perspiration trickling down my complexion in little ditches I can still remember that the idle rich have their troubles. Why, it was just because she had nothing else to do that my boss' daughter, Genevieve Pye, picked up her foreign count—

and believe me, she has been busy ever since! Her daily program has been something like this: Seven a. m., cable papa for funds. Eight a. m., see Giuseppe's creditors and stave them off. Nine a. m., cable to see if papa has got the first cable and urge haste. Ten a. m., explain to Giuseppe why I cannot pay his new gambling debts. Eleven a. m., cable papa for additional funds. Noon, see more of Giuseppe's creditors. After lunch pawn my diamond earrings and pay the grocery bill. Two p. m., cable papa for more."

"Goodness!" gasped the stenographer from across the hall, "if it's as bad as that I should think she would pack up and come home!"

"Oh, dear no!" explained Miss Patterson. "She likes too well to be spoken of and to as 'countess.' She can stand eight months of horrors over there just to pass four months in Chicago each year and have all her old girl friends turn green with envy and rage at her note paper with Giuseppe's gorgeous coat of arms on it and at the way the butlers announce, 'The Countess di Filippa Flazzanza!' whenever she enters a room!"

"Think how you'd feel after you'd gone to school with a girl and knew she didn't know any more than you did and you had swiped all her beaux in those days without any effort at all—think how it would make you feel if your name was Mary Smith and hers sounded like the whole alphabet set to ragtime."

"I don't say that it's a brainy form of amusement, but Genevieve appears to find it worth while! At least she endures Giuseppe for the sake of it. I saw him at the wedding and—well, I wouldn't change places with Genevieve, not even with all this hot weather!"

"And again," went on Miss Patterson meditatively, "there's Mrs. Pye herself! She's got the house on the boulevard and the summer place at Lake Geneva and the hunting lodge up in the mountains and the yacht to look after and, come to think of it, that must take some time! Gee! Wouldn't you like to feel that twice every year you had to see that nine hundred and forty-seven rooms were all cleaned and that there were enough sheets and pillowcases for a young hotel with the monograms just right and the refrigerator on the boat was stocked for instant sailing to any spot and that buttons were all on Papa Pye's 60 suits of pajamas and that you hadn't forgotten any of the hundreds of birthdays and anniversaries on your list and that Christmas was looming up ahead with another list and all the winter's program of swell dinner parties to make! Besides getting your wardrobe of 50 dresses in between!"

"Mercy goodness!" Miss Patterson shall gasped and surveyed the stenographer from across the hall with round eyes. "Doesn't it make you ache all over to think about it? And every blessed thing I have to do after working all day is to hustle home and get into fresh clothes and hang up my other dress and walk to the ice cream parlor with Jimmy in the cool of the evening! Saa-a-y! I guess we don't have it so bad after all!"

"No," agreed the stenographer from across the hall quite cheerfully, "it looks as though we had a soft snap!"

## Secret Is Out.

While roaming around the second-hand bookshop we ran into a young woman who aspired to be a leading literary light and possibly the authoress of next season's best seller. And to further that end she was hunting for books that had outrun their copy-right. She was going to take ideas from them, change them about and improve the plots and people. This, she had been told by some one "who knows all about it," was the way every one succeeded! And then, ingenuously, "How ever did those people manage who had to make up their own stories?" Staggering thought, that is!

## Her First Visit.

Mrs. Youngbridge—I'd like some fish, please. What are these in the barrel?

Clerk—Salt mackerel, ma'am.

Mrs. Youngbridge—Are they quite fresh?—Boston Evening Transcript.

## She Knew.

Mrs. Short—Those new neighbors of ours are very shiftless.

Short—How do you know?

Mrs. Short—Whenever I want to borrow anything they never have it.

## SUCCEEDS IN CANADA

An interesting and successful American farmer, Lew Palmer, of Staveley, Alta., passed through the city today. Mr. Palmer came from Duluth, Minn., just ten years ago, and brought with him four cows and three horses—and that was his all. He homesteaded in the Staveley district, and today has 480 acres of land, \$3,000 worth of implements, 34 Percheron horses, made \$1,000 out of hogs last year, raised 7,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 12 acres of potatoes, and 18 tons of onions. His farm and stock is worth \$20,000, and he made it all in ten years.—Exchange.—Advertisement.

No man can talk quite so eloquently as his money.

## Practices Watchful Waiting.

"How often do you cut your grass?" "Every time my neighbor has his lawnmower sharpened."

## Not Out of Place.

Twamley—Wouldn't girls look funny if they had mustaches on their lips? Sammy—I guess they have them there pretty often, but the lights are generally turned too low to see if they look funny.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher In Use For 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Maw Has the Last Word.

Willie—Paw, is there a man in the moon? Paw—No, my son. It is a woman. Willie—But maw says there is a man in the moon.

Paw—Your maw is wrong. If it was a man it wouldn't change so often.

## Embarrassing for Rector.

A rector of a certain English church is a somewhat portly gentleman, and a little inclined to be pompous. He owns a small terrier called Rags.

On one occasion last summer Rags escaped from his guardian and wandered into the church just as his master was facing the congregation, holding up the alms basin in both hands. That was Rags' opportunity. He made a bee line for the chancel, and pausing before his master, whose eyes were pliously elevated to the ceiling, he sat up and begged!

Delight of the wicked and horror of the pious!

## Incubation of China's Egg.

In its present form the constitution of China abolishes the cabinet and converts its members, with a single exception, into departmental chiefs. The exception is that of secretary of state, who is continued in charge of foreign affairs under the title of "kuo-wuchang," and whose office is to be organized after the model of the United States. Other clauses debar the legislature from participation in the making of high appointments or the negotiation of treaties and establish a consultative board, with which the president is to determine all financial matters. Last, but by no means least, the president is declared the supreme ruler.

## HOME LOOKED GOOD TO HIM

Boston Man Returns From Tunis After a Thrilling Experience With Arabs.

There never was a man who showed more happiness to touch foot on native soil than Percival Roberts of Boston, graduate of Oxford college, England, and an alumnus of the Harvard law school, who arrived at Boston from Naples, Mr. Roberts had hurried to Italy after having been chased on camel back by wild Tripolitan bandits, who swooped down on him and his party's pack camels and household goods when they were camping on the border of the desert south of Sfax, in the interior of Tunis.

Italian soldiers had driven a flying squadron of untamed Arab horsemen and cut-throats across the Tunis border, and when the pack of infuriated savages caught sight of the Roberts party it charged the camp with wild yells and blazing rifles.

Roberts embarked on the first ship of the desert he could locate in his frantic rush for a conveyance and away and rolled on camel-back over the dry sands of the desert for ten days before he could make his getaway. His three friends, two Frenchmen and an Englishman, got off in different directions, all aboard the swift-racing camels which had carried them into camp.

The New Dances. Billy Sunday, the remarkable evangelist, was asked after his successful Philadelphia season what he thought of the new dances.

"What do I think of the new dances?" said Mr. Sunday, with a laugh. "Well, let me tell you a story. 'A young man and a girl in evening dress sat in a conservatory. A fountain trickled and gurgled in a marble basin before them. Palma dropped their long leaves over them."

"The light was dim. Distant music sounded softly. Suddenly the young man, overcome by the girl's beauty, seized her in his arms and crushed her madly to his breast."

"Why, Mr. Trevanion," she said, putting her white hand on his shirt bosom and pushing him coldly away, 'you forget yourself. This sort of thing isn't proper—here.'"

"So saying, she took his arm and they went out on to the ballroom floor and indulged in a mazurka."

Language Not Likely to Last. Mistral, the great Provençal poet, whose death was announced lately, has been likened to Robert Burns for the work he did. But Burns' task was child's play compared with Mistral's. The Scottish poet found his language fully grown and completely alive; Mistral had to create his means of expression. Provençal had lost every resemblance to a literary tongue, and the new poet-patriot had to mold it afresh, to re-create and to build up on the ruins left by the vineyard and the farm. "Our Provençal," said Mistral, "was a country lass, ragged and wild." She is now a wonderfully beautiful creature; but it is doubtful whether all the genius of Mistral can keep her alive. The educational reformer in France does not like such irregular beauty.

Misfortune is no respecter of persons—and neither is fortune, for the matter of that.

## For Convenience, Economy and Safety Use!

## "NEW BOSS"

## Blue Flame, Wick Oil Stove

Burns ordinary Kerosene Oil, lights up instantly like gas, burns a perfectly blue flame without smoke or odor.

The intensely hot fire enables you to cook, bake, fry or iron as quickly as on a gas stove. Just as simple and safe to operate as an oil lamp.

Three sizes 3, 8 and 4 burners with or without high warming shelf. Write to-day for Catalogue. Made by the Hunsfeld Company, 3300 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



Sold by Dealers Everywhere

For the man with a chip on his shoulder—get an ax.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

Certainly women have been known to stop talking for the purpose of thinking.

Washerwomen in Alabama are compelled to register their names with the city health departments.

A Brick. Hez—I've often thought what a dandy partition a donkey would make. Silas—Walls have ears, you know.

Its Place. "This is a rasping sort of letter. Where shall I put it?" "On the file, of course."

First Thing in Nature. Every investigation which is guided by principles of nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach.—Athenaeus.

A Better Plan. "The people next door play the graphophone incessantly." "Still they seem kind-hearted. They have offered to loan us any records we like."

"I should prefer to borrow some of those we don't like, and thus get them out of commission for a few days."

Anxious Moment. Lucille (earnestly)—Karl, I want to ask you one question.

Karl (also earnestly)—What is it, sweetheart?

Lucille (more in earnest than ever)—Karl, if you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?—Life.

Not That Stingy. "Hogan," propounded Schmidt, "if a hen unt a half laid an egg unt a half a day, how long would it take a hen to lay half an egg?"

"A hin," promptly responded Pat, "wud scorn to short change her owner by layin' half an egg. An' nobody but a tightwad fool wud think av such a thing."—Judge.

Justice Is the Word. Church—I see the New York Legal Aid bureau for a fee of ten cents furnishes a lawyer to assist immigrants and poor persons in obtaining justice.

Gotham—Now, just look at that! And I know men who have spent thousands of dollars to get justice—and they're still out of jail!

## 35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats.

50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bus. for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 30 acres of land in 1913 had a crop of 30 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the successful farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or W. B. HETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio Canadian Government Agent

## TRITE REMARK STIRRED HIM

Superfluous Remark Unwelcome to Man Who Knew Very Well That It Was Raining.

"It's quite a heavy shower we're having," he said, cheerily, to the man who had entered with his clothes soaked and his umbrella dripping.

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger, testily, "it is a heavy shower; but you have failed to remark also the interesting facts that the shower is falling downward from above, that it's a wet shower, and that it is raining on both sides of the street. Also you have neglected to observe that this is the year 1914, that the earth is round, and that there are four seasons each year. But I'm obliged to you for your information, about the weather."

And the stranger walked away, with a glitter of vindictive triumph in his eye.

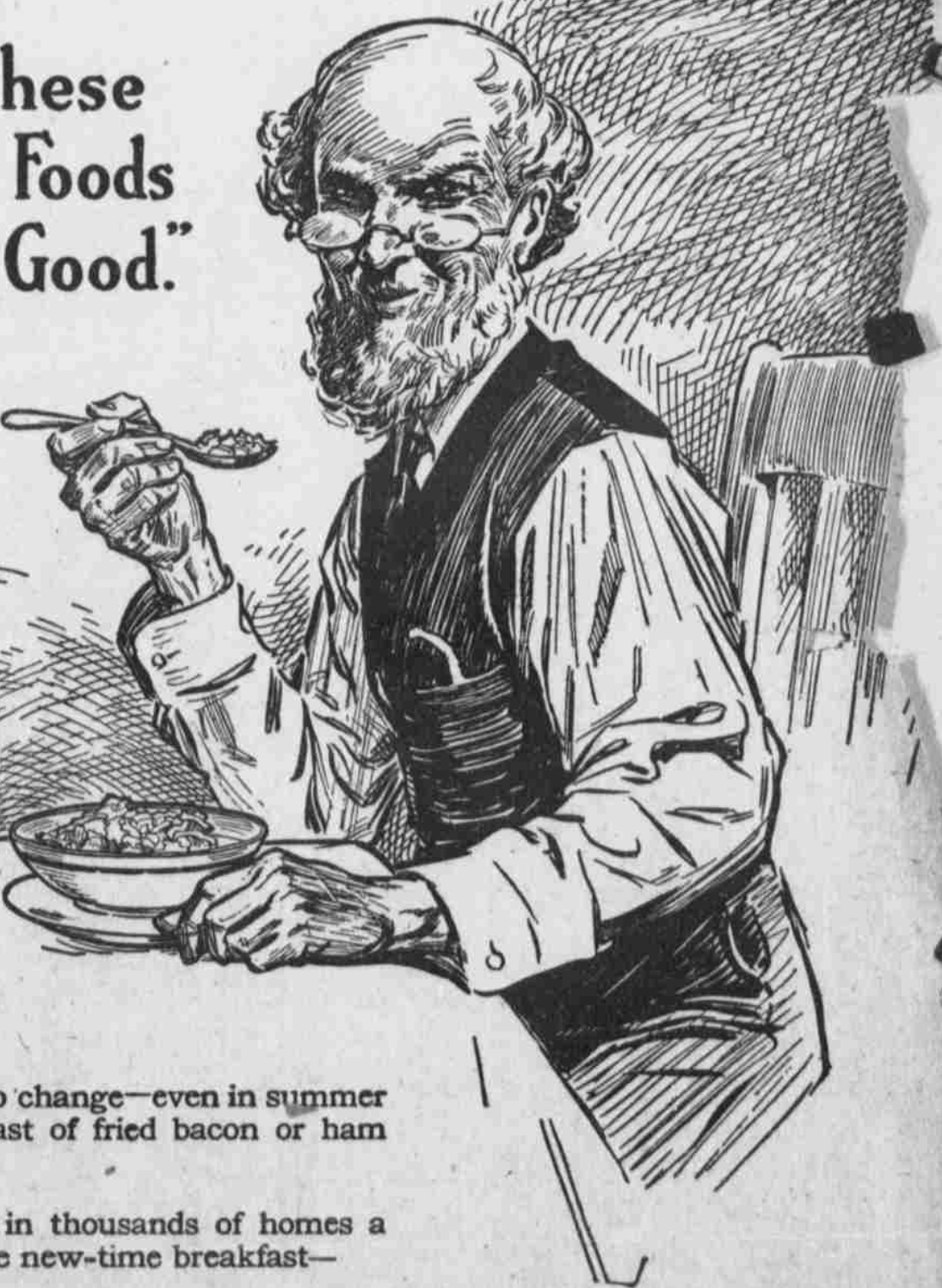
Up-to-Data. Church—I hear you've got a new up-to-date typewriter.

Gotham—That's what I've got. "Is she blonde or brunette?" "Neither; green wig!"

Love is considered the ruling passion, but occasionally the almighty dollar administers a terrific jolt.

Anyway, a man never sits down on the floor when he puts on his ho'er'y.

## "Some Of These New Fangled Foods Are Mighty Good."



People are sometimes slow to change—even in summer—from the old-time heavy breakfast of fried bacon or ham and eggs.

But the "world moves," and in thousands of homes a wise change has been made to the new-time breakfast—

## Post Toasties

—with cream.

These sweet flavory flakes of corn, toasted crisp and ready to eat direct from the package, are "mighty good" from every angle. Labor-saving—nourishing—delicious!

Sold by Grocers everywhere.